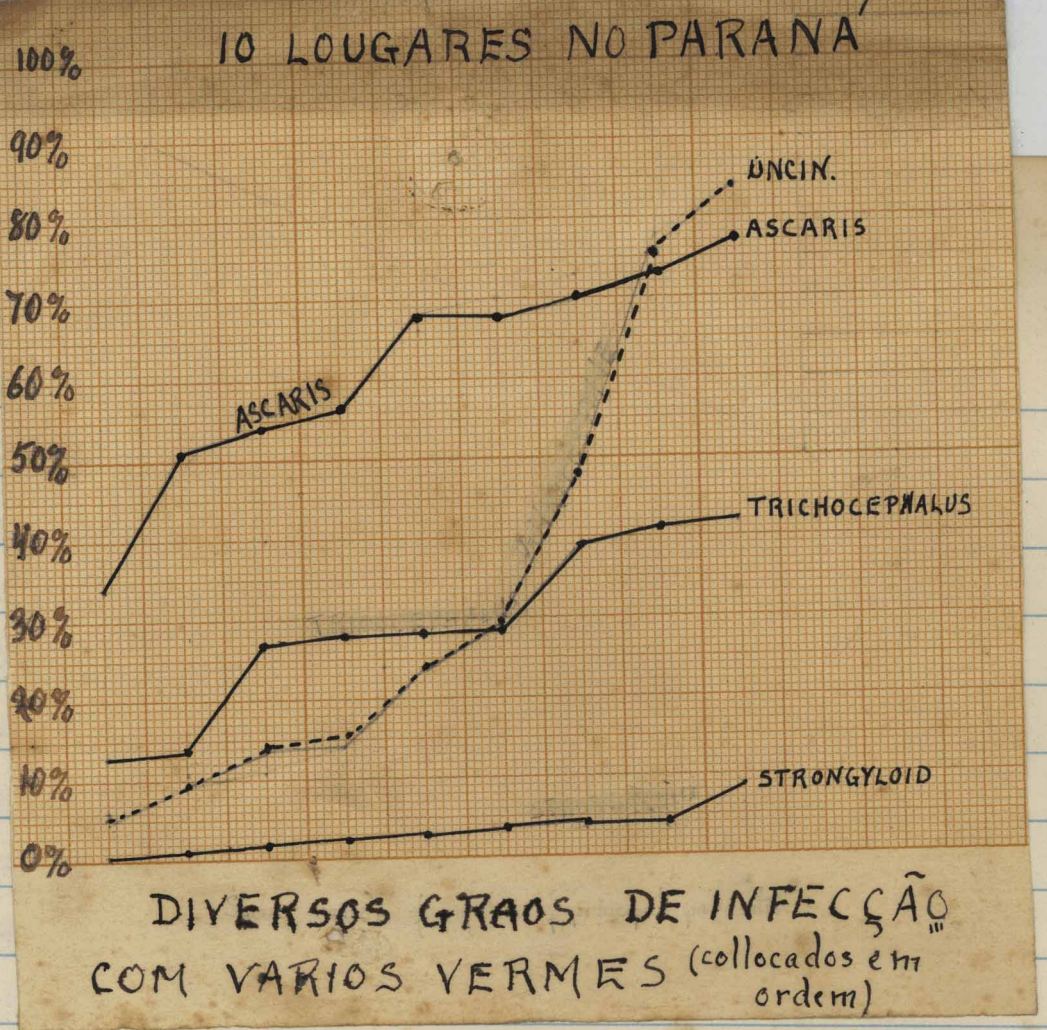


Yesterday I got to Guarapuava. It is in the center for cattle raising; the country of prairie schooners, three day gambling parties, poisonous whiskey, sombreros and high boots, real men and rare women and infinitely rarer ladies, painfully large knives and pleasant little ill-concealed pistols.

It has been worth the leagues and leagues the diligencia jolted up over the Serra from Imbetuva where I left my gang working, up through Majolino, Prudentopolis, and up the mountain road to Chico Russo's house at Bananal on the summit of the pass, and finally down to Guarapuava the morning of the third day. Five horses pulling us continually goaded by the driver. Sitting next to me was Dona Franca the Senhora of Bento de Barros, genially enduring my Portuguese, or giving Titanic accommodations to the sleepy, well mannered little illegitimate son of her highly respected husband. It is a bit odd here at times in that particular--- Theses for degrees for instance are always marked by "o filho legitimo" of so-and-so.

Much of the time I was out of the diligencia to see the brilliant butterflies, the flowering trees and the humming birds or beijo flores, eight or ten shimmering and darting over one tree. And then at night in front of Chico's the tropiños making their fires in the dust near their horses and wagons. At night there you would think there was nothing in the world worth while but to stare up into the sky where stands the Centaur and the Southern Cross, and see but one shade darker and more velvety the outlines of these big pinheiros-- crossing and recrossing each other against the sky.

The third day we rolled down through the colonies of frontiersmen burning the forest stumps and planting the first crop, and then suddenly we swung out into high rolling country with a fresh wind on the short grass or waving the tops of of the trees that wind irregularly with the little brooks far off to a hazy spring horizon. Cattle and horses and still more of the big



red prairie schooners we had met on the road from Imbetuva, and horsemen, stern and tough looking, in ponchos, huge sombreros and black neckerchiefs, baggy cotton trousers and high black leather boots with buckles of silver high on the outside of the leg, riding an easy pacer in high saddles silver mounted.

It is a low sweeping sort of town, scattered white plaster houses painted robbins egg blue or a soft terra cotta, or egg yellow, or pink.

It was more or less of a Brodie to come out from the rest and try my hand at negotiations alone, but I can talk well enough to manage and I was anxious not to spend time and money if we are not going to be able to get figures on the cabeclos here.

Antônio the stage driver told me there was a padre Norte Americano in town and showed me a miserable little brick house to which I steered after almoco. There was a little old dignified quiet man who looked at me through dirty glasses with the piercing simplicity of all nearsighted Christians, and received my story with all the modulations of feeling between an initial professional endurance of a total stranger, on towards a kindly but sort of broken zeal for the undertaking, as if to say, "Ah yes my boy,

this is good work, but as yet you have hardly begun and in our day we shall not see the Kingdom of God". Poor old duck, I couldn't blame him: we certainly wont.

He asked me if I wanted to see lepers. We went about four blocks, came to a big yard still in the town itself, and to our handclapping ~~thaxaxxama~~ (which is the dignified way of announcing yourself here) there came a tall stoop shouldered man, his face showing the swelling... etc of leprosy. He was very simple and gentle in his manner and when he said that the only thing he could do for his family was to leave them utterly---I got my first first hand impression of what is leprosy. Do you know why they can't get anything done here? The town is streaked with leprosy. Guess at it ---it is the old reason. Rich and powerful families won't stand for the segregation of their lepers.



Lepers begging on Saturday.
getting a local list ready for him.

On Saturday the lepers who have the courage to isolate themselves can come to town and beg from horseback, waiting with patient uncertainty, and tapping against the pommel of the saddle for esmolla ---alms. Paes Azevedo is already at work for the Commission getting the infection rate and the location of the cases here in Brazil-- but he cannot cover it and I am

Today I went to the minister's and there sure enough on the parlor wall was a picture of Robert E Speer, and a photograph of some college campus with the usual conglomeration of hideous antique architecture with the later Greco-New York fresh beauty of a dormitory given by some bankers widow in mem-

ory of her father who was amonister---. And on the parlor table was a copy of the National Geographic Magazine in which Mr Kolb took especial delight-- I suspect that a missionary is a special and subtle form of globe trotter. Being a wanderer is like being an artist-- it is all the easier if you are a bit out of conceit with your day and generation. But old Kolb's enthusiasm for travel and variety fair made me gasp---all the low passion for travel that infests x gypsy's hearts with none of the gypsy's blithe tolerance and acceptance of the world as it is.

Of all things they had OATMEAL for almoco at the K.'s-- I nearly collapsed for I had seen none for a long time and gosh you know I was brought up on the stuff. It was pleasant.

Just after the meal was finished I felt sort of an oppression such as the neurasthenic ladies describe to you on Ward C at the M.G.H. and suddenly realised that we were getting Bibles and Hymn books given us by

daughter One. Then began daughter Two suddenly to sing a Moody and Sankey hymn with Portuguese words---such an odd flavor. But I was certainly floored when the old gentleman did a sort of a Minnesota shift and embracing his aged wife began to pray in a strongly English accent in Portuguese--- " Nosso Pae no Ceo nao esquece as criancas desta familia."

Work goes well: but the number of infected is not very large and I shall not be likely to return to this part of the world until the day when I go to see the Qedas de Santa Maria or the Sete Quedas de Iguassu, seventy leguas from here.



New Hampshire ! For
companion

Here we are about to leave this section of the wild west of Brazil and are waiting the carroça to take us out three days journey to Fernandez Pinheiro a station on the railroad, where by the Grace of God I may find after a days journey some mail, and a haircut and a bathtub, and a bank and all the other sources of strength --including a letter from M Frain. We were to have left this place if it hadnt rained-- but it clouded up about an hour before zaz-z-z-z and rained ---Me Gods how it rained! All of which means that the automobilist got cold feet and refused to go -- so we shall have to take the stage coach tomorrow and spend three days going what the machine could do in Half-a-day. So I am back at the vacant house we have been using and hauled out pajamas and box of butterflies from (what a typewriter!!!) suitcase and am preparing to spend another a night. Well just a year ago today it was raining miserably --near Xpres and we were recieving 600 to 1200 wounded in twenty-four hours and I was cutting down khaki coats and slitting up khaki breeches and arranging blankets and trying to get pulses on pulseless Tommies and arranging men in the order of impending collapse for admission into a steaming busy operating room--- so I think I cannot complain. Gosh-what a sixweeks those were!

An interesting old caboclo or native Brazilian came to the door late last night with a little boy in tow and in the most scrupulously polite way asked if he could for a moment enter. He came in and with his rough home made straw hat in his hand he explained that he had just heard of our being here and had come 20 leagues on foot with the paizinho on a mule to be examined. He had not had much to eat he said



when we asked him about it. Now a league here is 4 English miles, Martie, so I was really touched by faith like that and we examined him right away and found him loaded with hookworm and he went away murmuring "Deus-lhe pague, Senhor" (God will pay you) cured of his illness. That is the sort of thing I like. I used to get bored with all the uncertainty of the Hospital treatment-- "discharged relieved to O.P.D." when I knew they werent much relieved nor discharged to a very happy land. But if I should meet this old bird a month from now I could have anything he has-- and that feeling is pure luxury for me. I get a bit bored with the medicos who insist that they are the salt of the earth and get very angry if they cant have their way in handling people---it is a luxury to be in a position to aid and take care of people if you are built that way-- and if youre are not built that way medicine and nursing were poor jobs to get into. Nao e? which is Portuguese for Aint I right Mable? "Tem razao" which is Portuguese for "Algernon youre on".

Americo Bonini a boy of mine here on the survey is studying a book of English which claims that the student will know the language in thirty days. One of the sentences which is a gem reads " Ai emm gou-ing tu bed; dro de car'tennz Uer izz ior el'dest siss'tar".

Well Martie, if I find a letter for me from you at Ponta Grossa I will write you a prompt reply and if I dont I will write you anyway -- so theres no way out of it from for you. I would like insted to be saying the following from "Englez em 30 dias" 'Gud morn'ning mai di'ar frend ai emm ver'i gled tu si iu'. Camm inn. Ai du not lai q tu breq'fasst alounn' ennd ai uozz eqss-peq'ting iu'.'

'Te qualquer dia
'Te ja
'Te logo
'T' manhan
A deus

All meaning gub bye
May

Imbetuva

October 5 1919

A cat has just torn by with a screaming senhora in pursuit and the evenings chop in its watering mouth. Long lines of jingling wine red prairie schooners are careening down the ruts of mud near my window and the Sponholzes are chattering a mixture of German and Portuguese on the other side of the blazing blue door that shuts my suite off from the sala of the hotel. The door is blue the frame maroon and the walls pea-green but so used am I now to such things that I do not notice it. It is Sunday and we are stalled here because there is a strike on among the railroad employes-- and being a 5 hour journey from the railroad and a days journey away from Ponta grossa, my destination, I am halting a day in the hopes that the strike may be settled and I may thereby save a day and about a hundred milreis by going down to Fernandez Pinheiro with my two detached men and all our baggage insted of making a weary drone all the way by carroca to Ponta Grossa. The rest are there ahead of me waiting to go on to Jaguariahyva-- but God knows when we will get there-- telegraphing inane Brazilians and expecting them to have ordinary reactions is indeed experimental--- and "good administrative parctise"---like nothing on earth.

The past three days I have been on a stage journey out from Guarapuava. Part of the time it rained heavily and the rest of the time I caught butterflies to my hearts content while the carroca dwindled and dawdled along the heavy road. Here in Brazil there are more beautiful and highly colored bee barboletas than exist in all the U.S. put together: I think I

have 15 different varieties from two mornings only.

I am going to go into it for a bit on the side and keep them carefully: they are very beautiful indeed. The day went rapidly chasing them. Down roads almost blood red, trees deep green, ferns, new birds and trees in bloom---truly as Smillie wrote me I have by far the best survey yet that any of us have had to do. But it has been a long time since I have heard from home in any way and it is true that without someone to compare notes with and talk to travelling becomes a little stale even the best of it. I remember though the same thing was true in Europe in 1911-- so I do not consider that I am in very hard luck.

The revelation of divine truth in the Swedenborgian sense of the word has taken place with regard to these Brazilians. Darling in Sao Paulo told me Swedenborg's definition of revelation "Revelation is an obscuring or clouding-over of Divine Truth". And so I can make a revelation of Brazilians. The thing about a Brazilian that is peculiar is that from the ordinary point of view they have no repressions whatever. Such a thing as self discipline is unknown and hence it is that frequently they seem and in effect are perfectly useless and foreign absolutely to our way of thinking. It is more to their absence of repression than to anything else that I would lay the extraordinary lack of expression in this country--- they are almost without art of any kind --- among the people itself. You can't buy any manufactured beauty that I can remember having seen. Just the way the U.S. was but perhaps worse. And in fact there are a good many comparisons of the same sort that can be made between Brazil and America of 50 years ago.

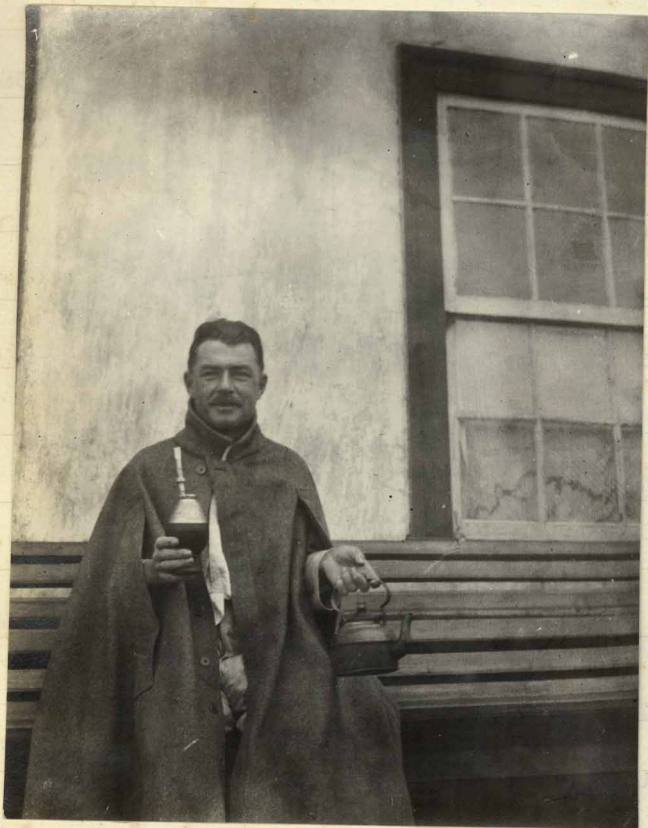
I have your letter of July 20 here with me and I was certainly glad to read it . You needed worry about not writing me man, I have lots of evenings free with nothing to do and a large admiring crowd like the present one to watch it me do it, whereas I can well see that you have a darned hard time to keep awake at night with the flat all full of nothing but bed and books and (will I ever see the thing again) a bath tub. What an odd thing it is to drop out of sight completely of all the English speakers and thinkers (I mean just folks) and not see anything that has a natural appearance from one week's end to another. You little realize how many familiar things there are in Keokuk until you have been three weeks in Guarapuava.

Thanks for the Nation. I expect it will be in Ponta Grossa when I get there--whenever that will be. It will be a great Pleasure to read a bit of English again. But just as it is a pleasure to go back to English it certainly is a pleasure too to keep going forward in Portuguese---I am on the verge of being able to express shades of ideas instead of broad inaccuracies. And naturally that is a great pleasure. I was able to wring a hundred milreis out of the Camara Municipal in Gua Guarapuava without much difficulty (for me-- God knows they probably suffered). The verbs are the difficulty especially the subjunctives. But it is a curiously loose and fluid tongue and but very few people in the world speak it correctly so everyone is tolerant. Tolerance is one of the chief virtues of this land,, which see absence of any repression.

One of the finest sights I have seen here lately was an old native--caboclo--- in Guarapuava who came to us with the finest sort of manners a bow and a request that we would do what we could for him and the little boy he brought

with him. He had come twenty leagues on foot to be examined. And when you realise that a legua here is four English miles-- and when you saw how many thousands of ~~pile~~ worms he had -- and when you heard him say "Deus-lhe pague Senhor" (God will pay you) --- and when you knew that he had had almost nothing to eat all of that journey---you'd agree with me. He was treated and in about a month he ought to be 1/4 again as strong as he was.

I enclose a picture of a very good sort of a young Brazilian German who has all the local habits -- and is taking matte from a cuia and a chaleira out in front of the Hotel Sponholz.



Sponholz taking his morning
Herbe Horre Matte



The professor is giving "music" lessons to the smoky little daughter of Senhor Santos of the hotel of that name here in Ponta Grossa, while I sit out under a rose covered arbor waiting for my train and a chance to get out into the field again. It has been some time since a letter to the President of the Company was directed your way, and a good deal has intervened of one kind or another, in the meantime. Instead of getting out of Guarapuava in six hours in an automobile, there came heavy rain and we had to take three days to it in a very uncomfortably jolty carroca. This got us to the railroad just in time to run into a strike which further held us up and then after we had gotten a little work done in Ponta Grossa and were all ready to go North for more, my guarda had an acute belly-ache which seemed so much like an appendix that I had to stay behind and see him through which has taken two more days. He fortunately turns out to be sick with nothing more than an acute abdominal grippe--if my old friends the clinicians will permit the term-- and I am by the contrast of what might have been very thankful.

I remember writing at least one letter to Marjorie from Guarapuava, which perhaps you will have seen by now and so I will not waste any time on telling about it. The trip out was in spite of rain very amusing for it cleared up the second day and I had a splendid day of butterfly catching and walking along the bright red roads among pinheiros and bamboo thickets and herva matte with the carroca dawdling behind and really nobody at all near to disturb the birds and the butterflies and the spiders and all the rest of the solitudes citizens.

I was delighted to learn from Father's letter that he has started to browse in Portuguese, because in sending him two newspapers from Guarapuava I had bet on just exactly that move and thought that when he got to the words Doutor Alan Gregg he probably would be able to read at sight for a spell. It really is a very easy tongue to read and is supposed to be more like Latin

than the other Latin tongues.

From a standpoint of customs and ideas these people are beginning to be comprehensible to me. They abhor effort and unless in the heat of the moment the educated classes do not seem capable of it. They do not know what self-direction is nor are they acquaintances with discipline--- in the schools the teacher with the shrillest loudest voice triumphs by virtue of it only. They are mystified almost by the uncanny ability of the Americans to be practical and to the point--- and somehow or other their highly estimated virtues seem to ~~be~~ suggest two of their own words always to me suadacoos and homenagem. The first is an oily sort of slop-over in the way of greeting and means but very little as regards constancy or loyalty but a great deal in the way of pleasing and ceremonious attention. Homenagem is not translatable, but is the outgrowth of the fact that they cannot have any common intellectual and at times any spiritual interests with their women and have as a result to spend it all upon their men friends-- which is homenagem as far as I can see now. I will admit I don't feel one of this --but the impression is certainly strong.

But what country and what Nature! Gosh it will be a long time before I can forget Rio Harbor and when it seems as if I were beginning to do so I shall try and go there again to renew the delight of it. Her too it is wonderfully good country and I hope someday to get to the Iguassu Falls and the real west of the state to see its life. It is modified by the feeling that it is not my country and never can be but as never failing interest it has few equals in my experience. And my experience is growing. --- I will admit that it would take several napkins rings to keep all the names of the places I have been in in the past half year-- even the ten day intervals.

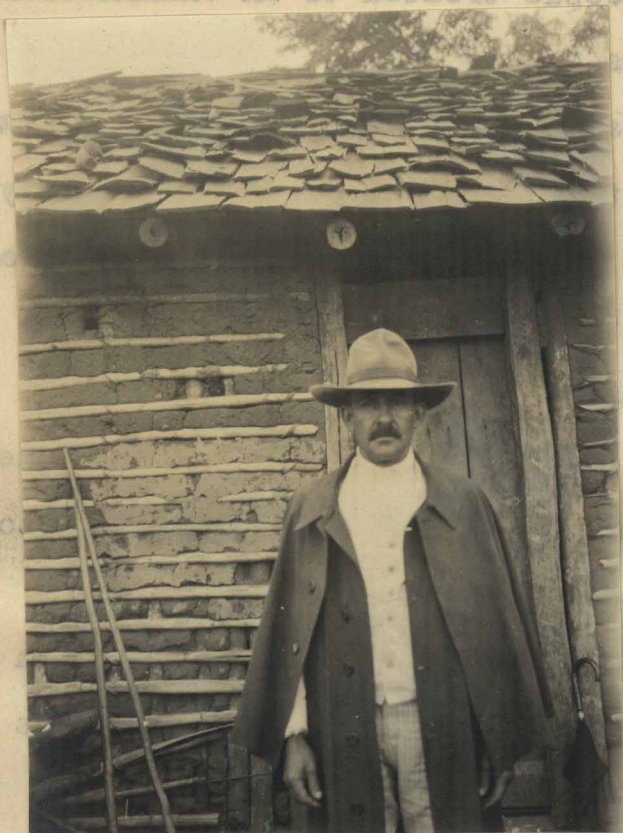
This has been a typical day-- typical of the sort of work that will be coming my way in all probability for the next three months. Here we are in Jacarezinho, on the 2t of October--here six days but with more than 900 people treated to an examination and more than 200 treated to a bastante dosagem of chenopodium.

We arrived after two days travel on the R.R. last Sunday, and it is now Saturday, and it was not hard to realize from the very first that the people here really have hookworm, and not only have it but are extremely anxious to get rid of it. We have not had such cooperation since the Itapema survey.

Monday, no Sunday was election day, and Remigio and I wander from one local authority to another explaining what we wanted to do but apparently in vain, for they were all preoccupied with politics. We met the chefe politico but he was drunk both with power and pinga and it seemed for a while as though the day was wasted, especially when it began to rain-- and that meant that the cinema would not come off till Monday and thus we might have to wait till Tuesday for the use of the hall--O Cinema Radium. But we did see a few tall and husky fazendheiros who had come to the elections and they took some of the latinhas and promised to advise their colonos tom be examined.

Monday after waiting from 8 A.M. till 12:30 finally the trole or buckboard of SR DR Silveira arrived and Bonini and I went out to a perfectly beautiful coffee fazenda where we stayed on the front porch of the Big House and examined hemoglobins and spleens of about a hundred colonos--many husky smiling little Japanese. One Jap woman of 18 had a rather a thin little baby she grinningly with the intention of saying 2 "What had we better do in this case?" and after explaining to her what to do for infantile trouble such as the kid had I was not especially surprised to have a sudden swarm of Japs all with kids of just the same size and appearance, making the same curious noises. Olio Ricino for the entire colony! And a handsome negro girl of 18 sitting patiently

with a very swollen foot that the cat had bitten some three days before. I fixed this up with a great deal of pleasure in the variety it gave from the everlasting spleen palpation and hemoglobin taking.



Fazendeiro

of mud huts

with the usual masto of Sao Jose floating over the squalor--- a large print of that well known and useless saint on cloth, which is stretched tightly on a frame as if to be embroidered, but is instead swung on a rusty hinge at the top of a tall pole, and thus prevents the colonos from all ills including by force of reasoning, Hookworm. A kindly travelling bank agent who is interested in the region made the journey of 10 miles with me and was my secretary in the hut while we examined about a hundred of the natives, and the only difficulty was a setting hen that kept having to be thrown out of the clinic because she thought her nest was in a pile of reeds at my feet which is by courtesy here called a cama or bed. Then there was a dog fight in the bedroom---but I am getting 'used', and almost for-

The next day at 5 I was ready for an early start to the fazenda of Major Infante Veira, but the horses didnt come till quarter of eight. When after a perfectly beautiful ride we finally got there I was more than repaid for there on the side of a big red hill, with deep green coffee bushes in perfect lines running up and away on every side, was a group



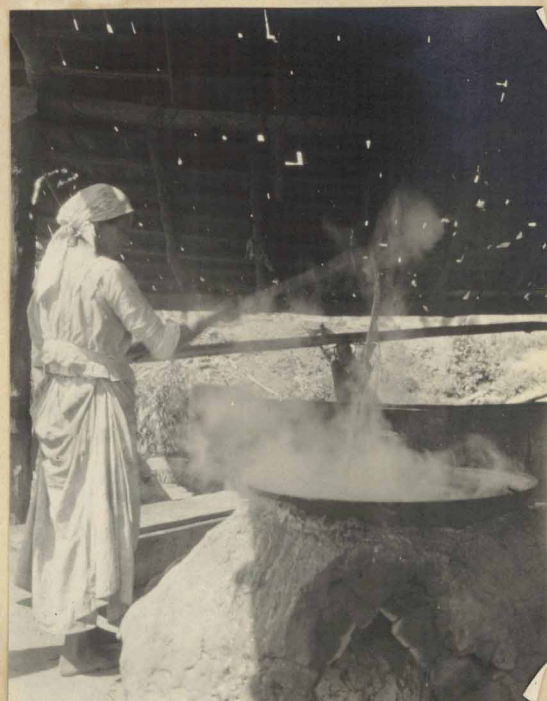
got about it. The dogs are wonderfully natural in their behaviour here. Nobody thinks of throwing them out of anywhere; at the cinema Monday they were there in great numbers and behaved just like people at the the opera-- before the show began walking round and round and seeing and sizing up all the other dogs, and when the show began watching it for a minute to make sure nothing unusual was happening, and then falling asleep.

I rode home from Major Infante's after we had had coffee three or four times at the Big House. And on both sides of the road huge fallen trees lying untouched in the fields, charred by the fire that is the only way to conquer the matto here, but coming up in regular rows in all this confusion was fine young coffee. They lack only capital and healthy labor to make 200% to 300% the years profit on an investment. I never have seen such evidence of fertility. And where there is no clearing it is all cool and shady and fragrant deep forest with strange birds calling in the depths and a frog screeching much like a streetcar on an uncoiled curve.

Tuesdays work was finished by some letters and a good amount of sleep while the Brazilians talked indefinitely out on the porch.

Wednesday I went in another direction out to Our Grande--- riding and talking to a very handsome young fazend-hiero named Sr Jesuino Jorge da Rosa who in many ways was delightfully typical of the country. He told me of that "cruel phase"

of the stranger "eu acho que foi um Inglez" who said that Brazil is a great country in size in riches and in its natural phenomena small only in the type of men it produced. To which I violently and promptly disagreed, much to his relief. We took a roundabout route stopping at a sugar mill run by a few caboclos where I took a picture of the oxen turning the huge wooden rollers that pinch the stalks of cane and squeeze out the juice which runs down to a distant trough where it is scooped out and finally boiled down into rapadoura or cane sugar bars. These are the pictures I took of the process.



Sugar Mill

Coming home in the dusk I chased for quite a distance on horseback a huge thing called a lagarto, which is a cross effect between a lizard and an alligator this one was about four feet long and ran very swiftly like a mechanical toy straight down the road, not daring to try the low but steep sides of the bank--like the Irish section who ran down the track before his first engine on the theory "If Ay couldn't breathe the baist on the

livil how was Ay ever to breathe him running up hill?" I didn't catch up with my lagarto, he made a sudden swerve and crackled away in the underbrush. They are very interesting anatomically because their ear drum is right on the surface and quite transparent and you can see the bones all in place and functioning. Also the glottis sticks up into their mouth like the end of a speaking tube, instead of being almost out of sight.

Jacarezinho

Just back from a Fazenda, from examining some hundred pretty sick laboreres and their families and arranging for their subsequent treatment. It was all arranged that we would leave at dawn--- a baner and I, and cover the distance on horseback before the sun got too hot. He has just started a fazenda going and is very anxious that we examine and treat his laboreres.

Herewe are in the times that the United States was passing through in the Colonial Period--- the taming of an untouched wilderness, the planting of timid plants of corn in between huge logs of charrede trees, the costly encounters of bare feet and rattlesnakes, the use of the powder horn in relation to the evening meal --- and the enormous profits from land that never has served man before

Well it was arranged for dawn---"bem cedo"-- and I was ready at 5:30 but the light cool fog which aids so in travelling, had more than burned off when my large white mule hove in sight at 7 o'clock. Out we went in the clen early morning, along a deep-red colored road --the earth varies 'tween maroon and actual purple--- with perfectly magnificent young coffee bushes in long deep-green rows, running as far as you can see or at least to the thick wall of trees and vines that is the untouched forest.

When we got to his land we examined two very pallid women with hemoglobins of 45 and 50% . They lived in small mud huts and with a raft of children equally pale lived on the floor principally of the houses. Then up a hill and along a 5 kilometer stretch to a larger fazenda where a coffee hulling machine was roaring over the last arrobas (of a cousin who had no mill) of the season, and the Fazendeiro Major Infante was supping his after dinner coffee in a miserable room crowded with flies. He was as usual very kindly and hospitable. After almoço we went up to the colonos settlement, the overseer leaned out of the window of his hut and blew on an old cow horn. You could hear the echo up through the deep green hills, followed by the answering shouts of some seventy to a haundred trabalhadores, men women and children, who trouped down sheepishly

to the hut and I began taking their hemoglobins, and feeling for spleens, while the banker handled the question cards for me. Tomorrow we shall know who has hookworm and tomorrow night riding out there again I shall spend the night and treat at 6 A.M. the next day.

I feel many times that I ought to explain why I picked Brazil of all places to work in and hookworm of all diseases--- but when a crowd of 150 sick lines up in front of the laboratory in the morning and you know they are going to profit by the treatment, the best thing is to let the explanations go and just write that I am in Brazil and let it go at that--- and the travel and the new customs and the strange things I'll try to pass on from time to time.



Paiana Landbeque